FEB 11 1966

ISSUE NUMBER 17 FEBRUARY, 1966

SPIDERMAN AND FRIENDS

REESE

CONTENTS

CAPA-alpha Publications #17 February, 1966

Central Mailer: Jerry G. Bails, 22529 Karam Court, Warren, Mich.

PAGE	CONTRIBUTOR	TITLE (Number of pages for credit)
1.	Ryan	Spiderman & Friends, illo by John Reese (1)
2.	C.M.	Contents
3.	Brosnan	Mumble On, #1 (4)
7.	Thompsons	Joyous Groundhog Day (4)
11.	Weston	Choke, #3 (4)
15.	Weston	The Schwartz Index #1a (addenda) (2)
17.	Patten	Heavy Water, #10 (4)
21.	Alderson	Contemporary Pop Art (Reprint) (6)
27.	Bails	A Letter from Bill Harris (2)
29.	Miller	Capt. America & Bucky, illo by Raymond Miller (1)
30.	C.M.	Hangman, illo by John Wright

Complimentary copies of K-a have gone to...Our servicemen at Camp Faraway, Lower Slobbobia...Veterans' Hospital, Box C.O., Peace-Marchers Square...and to the Friendly Martian Rest Home for Retiring Astronuts. Copies have also made their way to the following: Luis Gasca (President of the Comics Club of Spain), John Wright (South Africa), John Reese (Australia), Ira Ewen, Dick Pryor, Dan Adkins, Eric Groves, Joe Stoner, Barry Brooks, Drury Moroz, Richard Buckler, Jerry Pritchett, Jim Jones, Bill Harris, John Cooper, James Steranko, Allen Logan, and Greg Jein.

****

K-a is distributed monthly on a regular basis only to members of CAPA-alpha. Details on membership are available from the Central Mailer (address above). Deadline for all material submitted for K-a is the first of the month.

****

NOTES TO MEMBERS: (Checked items apply to you.)

_x_ Watch for upcoming Captain Atom tales by K-alphan Dave Kaler, and X-Men tales by Roy Thomas. Who knows--we may infiltrate all the comic houses before we're through. Roy informs me that AE is being held up for want of a typist. Anyone know any willing and competent typists, preferably in the New York area?

_x_ Send me the names and addresses of any good prospects for membership in CAPA-alpha. I'm stepping up my campaign to enlarge the membership.

___ Please remit $1.00 to cover future mailing costs.

_x_ If you weren't represented in this issue or the last (to the extent of 4 pages), then we'll be looking for your contribution in the next issue. Stay active, even if it is only an open letter to friends who haven't held from you for awhile.

MUMBLE ON #1 by John Brosnan

DYNAMIC DIGITS DARES THE PERILS OF PING PONG POO!

It all began during the heavy rains of a few months back...I was working as usual in the sewer when the downpour started and I was flushed out to sea. My journey through the city sewerage system had a strange effect on me...the bath of chemicals brought about peculiar changes in my body. Each finger had acquired a mysterious power! I could hardly wait for the high tide to wash me back to shore so I could tell my girlfriend, Gladiola, the wonderful news. As soon as it did I rushed to her apartment. "Gladiola, my dearest!" I cried, bursting through the door. "Once more that unbearable torture called 'distance' no longer separates us. Once more awesome passions batter my very spirit as I behold your image!"
"Gee," she said, "you stink!"
"I have wonderous things to tell you! A fantastic occurrence has taken place!"
"Are you sure you're a business executive?" she said. "You always smell like you work in a sewer or something."
"Fate has chosen me for a great responsibility!" I cried.
"Last time you came here," she said, "I hadda fumigate the place after you left."
"Some fantastic accident has affected my fingers. Each one can perform a marvelous task." I couldn't contain my excitement.
"Do you realize what it costs to fumigate this place? You've just got to do something about that smell!" Gladiola was her usual unaffected self.
"Do you know what this means?" I cried.
"B.O. is nothing to be ashamed of," she said, "Doctors can do wonders these days."
"At long last I can put on a colorful costume and do battle against kinky villains! The dream of every true He-man!"
But at that very moment, as I learned later, such a villain was making his first attack against society. He called himself "Ping Pong Poo." In reality he was Hamilton Sphere, a man with an overwhelming obsession about ping pong balls. All his life was spent watching Ping pong tournaments hours on end. Many and devious were the ways that young Hamilton raised money in order to attend these tourneys. Legend has it that he even slipped sleeping pills into his parents' food and sold them to a medical school. Before it was discovered that their cadavers were still breathing, it was too late for penicillin. The experience shook Hamilton's trust in penicillin, but not his faith in ping pong; years of study had convinced him that behind the ping pong ball lay the secret of the Universe. It was only natural then when he chose crime for his career that he would utilize the secret powers of the ping pong ball to aid him in his nefarious profession. And so it was that on the same day that I acquired my new digital powers a strange cloud appeared over Inbetween City, blocking out the sun and turning day into night. During the mass confusion a strange figure slipped into the state bank and proceeded to rob it. He wore a gigantic ping pong ball and fired high speed ping pong balls from a fantastic weapon.
The news of the robbery reached me via the radio in Gladiola's apartment. I immediately leapt into action. Not having time to make a proper costume, I improvised. Minutes later I leapt from the window wearing a polka dot ski suit, purple shower cap, and pink fluffy slippers. Unfortunately, flying wasn't included in my list of super powers. When

I stopped bleeding, I thought hard on the problem and naturally soon had a solution...by activating one of the powers in my fingers I jolted the Earth a few feet out of its orbit leaving myself suspended in air. When I fell down I wasn't where I had been before. By repeating this again and again I was able to travel at quite a speed. Ping Pong Poo was still robbing the bank when I arrived. "Villain!" I cried, "prepare to meet your defeat. When will you servants of Satan learn that you can never win?" As soon as I regained consciousness after being knocked out by a high speed ping pong ball, I lunged forward with a ferocity that was terrible to witness...and slipped on a ping pong ball. "Fool!" yelled Poo standing over me as I applied medication to my wounded knee. "How can you even dare to think of defating me when I have the might of the awesome ping pong ball behind me! See how I have hidden the very face of the sun with them! By treating thousands of them with an anti-gravity ray, I created a gigantic cloud that in now blanketing the city. Now to finish you off!"

"Not so fast!" I cried, and unleased one of my own fantastic powers causing his own two big toes to convulse. Shocked by my savage onslaught Ping Pong Poo staggered back groaning in pain as his big toes writhed as if with a life of their own. But anger quickly replaced surprise and he attacked again. Ping Pong balls whizzed by my head with deadly accuracy! I unleashed another finger causing his dandruff to speed up in production and overflow down into his eyes temporarily blinding him. In an instant though, he had recovered and once more his hideous weapon spoke its terrible language. "Even you," he cried, "cannot withstand lead ping pong balls." And there was a loud clunk as one struck my head. Then came an abyss of unconsciousness. When I awoke, I found myself in a nightmare situation. I was sealed in a giant plastic ping pong ball being batted back and forth across a vast table by two hugh mechanical bats. Below me stood my enemy leering up. "Perhaps now you regret defying me," he sneered. "But now it is too late. You will be bounced to death. There is no escape; the giant ping pong ball is imperious to everything except..."

"What, man?" I screamed, "Tell me...you must!!!" The world spun sickeningly as I whirled through the air. What a way to go. Only my indomitable spirit prevented me from giving way to panic.

"Well," mused Poo, "I suppose it can't do you any good now. You'll soon be dead. The plastic ball has one weakness; it can be destroyed by the unique sound waves produced when the Eiffel Tower vibrates--which is not very likely to happen."

"Ha!" I cried, "It just so happens that one of my fingers contains the special power to make the Eiffel Tower vibrate." In an instant the plastic ball was dissolved to dust. Utter disbelief was written on Poo, as I easily swooped down and overwhelmed him. Once more Justice, Right, and Good, and the right to eat Mom's apple pie, etc. had been vitorious over the forces of evil.

Naturally, as all costumed villains do, he will escape from prison in a few days, vowing to get his revenge on me, but I'm not worried. I can't lose--the Codes Code Authority would never stand for it.

In case you are wondering about the change in my logo, I decided to alter it when I saw in some back issues of Z-A that the word 'ramble' wasn't exactly an original conception as far as logos are concerned. Besides I think Babble On is more suitable.

Mailing Comments-

Don & Maggie___ As I know you two are sf fans I was wondering if you received either of the last two remaining English sf magazines New Worlds and Science Fantasy. These are both redesigned magazines, up to about a year ago they were published by a company called Nova but due to falling sales it had to discontinue them. They reappeared in a different form published by Roberts and Vinter and no longer edited by John Carnell who was also the editor of Science Fiction Adventures which folded in 1963. The new editor of Science Fantasy is Kyril Bonfiglioli and the editor of New Worlds is Michael Moorcock. The latter wrote a series of sword and sorcery stories for the old Science Fantasy which are the best I've ever read. They concerned a young albino adventurer called Elric in the world of some age. He was the last lord of Melnibone, a race that ruled Earth for ten thousand years with the aid of dark sorcery. Physically he was a weakling but he gained his strength from a magical sword called 'Stormbringer'which had the rather unusual property of being able to absorb the soul of whoever it penetrated. It is hard to decide whether Elric or' Stormbringer' plays the main role in the series for from the beginning the sword had a powerful effect on Elric's life. Not only his enemies but his friends fall victim one by one to the hungry runesword including his beloved cousin Cymoril and later his wife Zarozinia who suffers a particularly gruesome fate. Turned into a large slimy white worm except for her head by Elric's arch enemy,she throws herself on Stormbringer when he rescues her. Throughout the stories there is a feeling that Elric faces an unpleasant fate and the title of the last story bears out this supposition-it was called'Doomed Lord's Passing'.

In this epic Elric was transported to another dimension where he fought a walking dead knight for the horn of fate. This story was the final segment in a group of four which concerned the battle between the forces of Law and Chaos. With the horn Elric was able to awaken the remaining dragons of Melnibone and leads them against the legions of Chaos and their human allies and enables the Lords of Law to intervene. After the battle in which Law is victorious and Elric has disposed of his enemy Jagreen Lern, he stood with his only remaining friend Moonglum on a plain of the just formed new Earth but was so weak he was unable to blow the Horn of Fate for the third time which was necessary before life could begin again. Before Elric could stop him Moonglum gives himself to the runesword so that he can blow the horn. Elric does so and the world we know began. Standing alone the last survivor of the old Earth saw a giant hand in the sky holding a balance that slowly righted itself. And only he heard a swishing sound and turns just in time to see Stormbringer,which he had just thrown away, hurtling towards him. It plunges into his chest and to Elric's horror he feels his soul being sucked into the sword, and cries when he realises he is doomed to be forever trapped within it. As he collapses, dead the runesword changes shape and rises into the sky and we learn that it is the last manifestation of chaos that will always remain with this world. So dies the last Lord of the Melnibones.

The issue of Science Fantasy that this story appeared in was the last before the magazine folded. In the same issue was the last in a series of articles by Moorcock called 'Aspects of Fantasy.' This segment concerned the sword & sorcery type of fiction and in it he said some things that rather surprised me. For one thing Moorcock states that sf is an off-shoot of fantasy and not vice versa. He also said he is not a sword & sorcery fan and finds Howard and Burroughs virtually unreadable (which is strange because at seventeen he became the editor of an English boy's paper called'Tarzan's Adventures

One of the main criticisms he has of sword and sorcery is that it is emotionally unconvincing with the exception of Fritz Leiber's work. He goes on to say that the majority of sword and sorcery suffers from this emotional immaturity which is why it appeals to younger readers whose own emotions are, naturally, not yet matured. What good it achieves, if any, is that it forms a bridge between childhood sence of wonder and adult sence of surrealism but, says Moorcock, this bridge is infrequently crossed. People sit down halfway and stay there for the rest of their lives and this is bad for them. Moorcock goes on with some other controversial statements such as saying that the main body of science fiction is dull. I imagine he received a good deal of interesting mail after this. The latest story of his I read was a confusing piece (to me anyway) steeped in symbolism concerning Hindu cosmology, the blending of a man and woman into a single being and ending with most of the population of Europe jumping into the sea. Being emotionally immature I preferred Elric.

I have access to a very limited number of issues of Science Fantasy containing Elric stories so if anyone would like a copy (for free) please let me know.

Rick Joingroff

As usual I enjoyed your contribution especially the write-up on the 1965 New York Conicon. I have to agree with you that a comparison between a super hero and funny animal comic book would result with the latter being found superior but only if it was written and drawn by Carl Barks. In my opinion he is second only to Charles M. Schulz. Uncle Scrooge is the one funny animal comic which I've found I enjoy more as I've grown older instead of vice versa as with all the others. There is more originality and subtle humour in an Uncle Scrooge comic(particularly in the older issues) than in the best effort of Stan Lee.

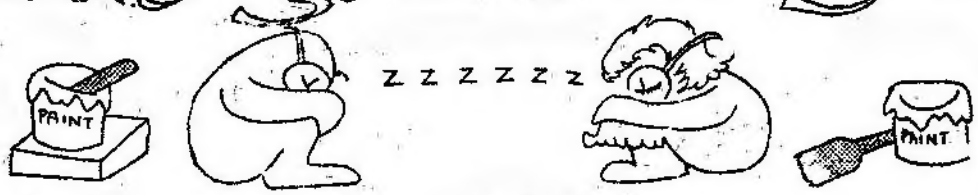
David A. Kyle

This person from Perth you mentioned who said there was no censorship here must be living on a different plane of existance to me. Western Australia, like all the other Australian states, has rather strict censorship laws compared to the rest of the world. Each state has its own set of laws but moves are being made to make them uniform throughout the whole country. Some states are stricter than others not only as far as books and films are concerned but also in respect to girlie and satirical magazines. For instance Playboy is banned here but Cavalier isn't. I can't understand how the powers that be work out what should be and what shouldn't be banned. There's a Sydney satirical newspaper called 'The Kings Cross Whisper '(Kings Cross is a part of Greenwich Village of Sydney) that makes 'Lady Chatterly' look like a grammer school reader yet its published here quite openly every month.

TV programmes are also affected. The Kevin Brunton Show, which is a very popular satirical review (and during the last year sparked off more than one nation wide uproar over its highly inflammable content) is shown untouched in Sydney but here in Perth comments or jokes which the local TV station consider 'too hot' for our innocent little minds they cut out. No doubt John Ryan will give you a more comprhensive rundown on censorship in Australia but I just thought I'd let you know about the Perth side of things.

If it appears that I frequently make spelling mistakes let me remind you that in Australia we use the English version of most words such as colour instead of color. I have a sneaky reason for mentioning this. Now if I make a mistake only a couple of members will know if I have or not. Over & Out.

merry christmas
happy new year
joyous groundhog day



PREFACE: This started out as a Christmas letter...

It was going to be mailed in early December and it was going to tell you all about our adventures in 1965 and conclude with news of our new address and our hearty season's greetings.

Well, when you read about our adventures, particularly as regards our new address, you'll see why we didn't make it with greetings in time for the season.

We hope you had a nice holiday season, though.

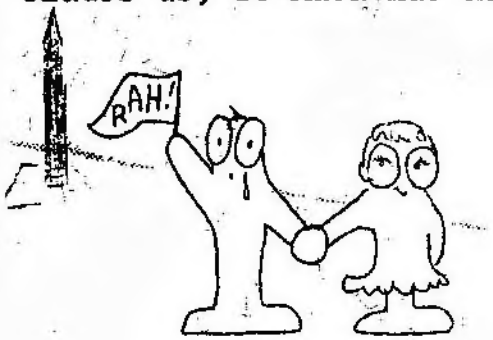
URGENT: We're sending this first-class to update our address file. If this was forwarded to you, we do not have your current address; please notify us of your present whereabouts at once.

1965 ANNUAL REPORT: Thompson & Thompson, Ltd.

This, good friends has been one heckuva year.

We've had a lot of problems, not all of which we intend to depress or bore you with, a lot of fun and an incredibly hectic time.

Whatever we were doing in the spring eludes us, so much has happened since. In late spring and early summer, though, we took some trips:



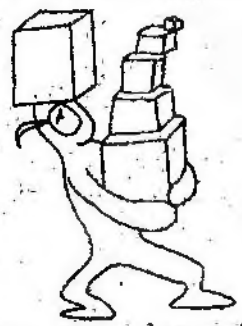
TO STATE COLLEGE, PA. This was a sentimental journey for Don, who found, largely thanks to hosts Croy & Sara Pitzer and Mrs. J. K. Thornton, that Thomas Wolfe was wrong: You can go home again.

(I refer to the literate Thomas Wolfe, not the current fad/fraud.)

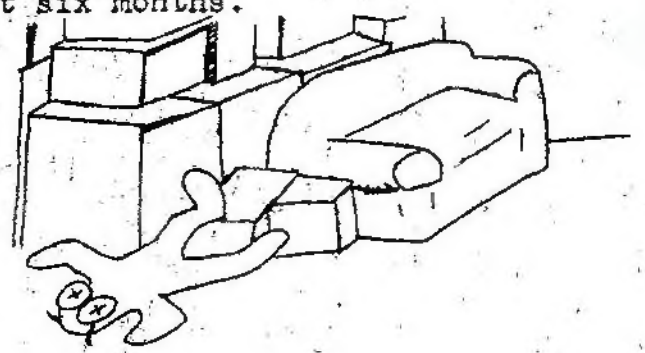
We went to Hartford City, Indiana, to be among science fiction fan-friends at Buck & Juanita Coulson's huge house and we went to Detroit for a weekend with comics fans, SF fans and movie fans and had a ball

thanks to the presence of old friends (Jerry Bails, Ed Aprill, Howard De Vore, Roger Zelazny and others) and new friends (Shel Dorf, Gary Crowdus and others) and we went to Milwaukee for a most enjoyable weekend of friendship with Dean & Jean Grennell and the best-behaved children in the world (and met the marvelously nutty Lionel Johnson and his wife) and... After which we were happily exhausted.

Also, in June, we found The House we wanted and started arrangements to buy it. Unfortunately, to buy a house, one works through a realtor (a realtor, dear ones, is a person who never tells you anything until you call him and who then says "You must be telepathic. We were just going to call you."). Consequently, we started buying on 28 June 1965 and only now, 9 January 1966, are able to officially call it ours and send out change-of-address notification.

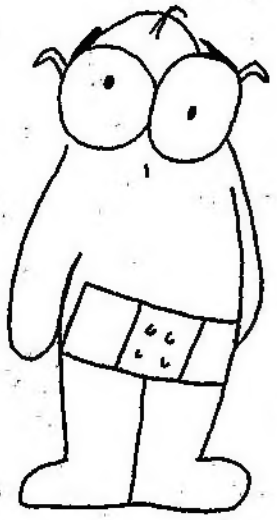


We need this house. 'Tis a large house and we have been living in a very small, dirty, drafty apartment in once-terrible, still-bad downtown Cleveland. To make a bit more room, Don used to periodically pack up all books we'd read and lug them down the dark narrow hall to a storeroom. He hauled these boxes, one or two at a time, for about six months.



Then, one day, it was decided that the storeroom would be refurbished and rented out as an apartment. So Don hauled back all those boxes in one day and stacked them 12 feet high back of the couch, effectively cutting down our living room space to about 10 square feet. Don was cut down to about 5 linear feet.

Also, possibly as a result of this hauling and lifting and toting, Don got a hernia (first symptoms of which appeared in Detroit) and he underwent surgery Oct. 18 and was released from the hospital Oct. 25, a sadder but sorer man, to celebrate birthday #30 (coincidentally on the 30th) with a batch of records for our newly-bought stereo.



The stereo was a consolation present because we'd given up again on the possibility of ever getting that house.

Naturally, the prospect of moving into the house was dimmed a bit by this surgery business -- Don was forbidden to do any lifting for months after getting out of the hospital and moving is 90% lifting.

Fortunately, four good and true friends volunteered to help out: Wayne Howard, Sherman Howard, Charles McNaughton and Charles Wells.

So, as of this writing, we're waiting for the house to be vacated (It is our house now; first payment due Feb. 1.) so we can move in.

We have made arrangements with the Mentor Post Office to hold our mail until we move in (we'll pick it up there at the PO until then), so all mail, from now on, which you send to us should be addressed to:

Don & Margaret Thompson
8786 Hendricks Road
Mentor, Ohio 44060

Please make a note of that address; it supersedes all others right now.

We have several regrets about 1965. We didn't get our correspondence out of the way-way-behind category, as planned (largely because we kept expecting to have a change of address at any second. We regret being so cramped that we could do little in the way of publishing, writing or entertaining. Hopefully, that will be changed a bit now.

Anyway, that's some of what we did in 1965. Things have to be a bit less cramped in 1966, if nothing else.

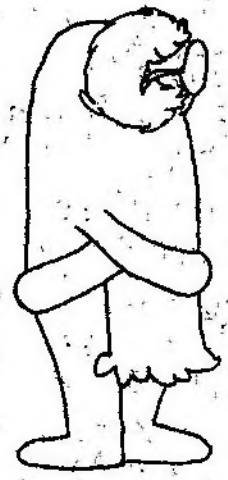
Incidentally, I've just run out of things to say--we were supposed to have holiday greetings in this space, but that would be a bit silly, under the circumstances.

So I'll repeat the address (you're being brainwashed):

Don & Margaret Thompson
8786 Hendricks Road
Mentor, Ohio 44060

Tell our friends, just in case we missed somebody with this letter.

DON'T
FORGET



DONALD & MARGARET THOMPSON
8786 HENDRICKS ROAD
MENTOR, OHIO 44060

B A T M A N

Not too long ago, I received in the mail a photograph of the cover of Detective Comics #38 and as I looked at it, I noticed something, and since then I have pulled out my copies of other World War II issues of Detective Comics and it is there, too. On that cover, and in the other comics, Batman, no matter what he is pictured as doing, is drawn as--is--something he hasn't been for quite some time now--a real man's man, not an almost effeminate looking man, not a ballet dancer, not a big ape, but a real, big burly man. He has a big square jaw and a tough looking face, quite unlike the modern, "new look" Batman or even the Batman of Jack Schiff during later days. I'm not saying that Schiff's later Batman was always bad. In his last year or two, there were a few good stories and a few examples of a good artistic treatment of Batman. Dick Sprang's story, "The Flame Master" in Detective #308 was well drawn; some of the stories Jim Mooney drew presented the real Batman; and even a few of Bob Kane's stories did, then and even now. However, most did not. (Robin was virtually always well drawn then though. He hasn't been during the "new look" except perhaps in a few isolated panels.)

Today, when Infantino draws Batman, most of the time he comes out like a ballet dancer even though he is well-drawn. When Bob Kane draws Batman, results vary; sometimes there are good action shots, sometimes it is a mess; although the results are usually better when Sid Greene inks. I think that if Anderson inked Kane's pensils and Kane put a little more work into his art, results might rival some of the better art of the 1940's. Charlie Paris's inks would be nice too, but I really don't care for most of Joe Giella's Batman inking. Bob Kane's pensiling has improved since the "new look" began, but I think that Joe Giella's inking in holding him back. It's not that Giella's inks are bad--sometimes they are, sometimes they aren't-- but that they are unsuited to Kane's pensil style. Charlie Paris's inks fit in pretty well with Kane's style, even though they don't add all of the polish that Kane's pensils need. Murphy Anderson's inking doesn't fit too well with Kane's pensil style but I think Anderson could adapt himself to Kane's pensils--Giella has been unable to do this--and still add the polish that they need so much. That is one reason Greene-inked stories are better, artwise, than Giella-inked stories--Greene has been able to adapt his inking to Kane's pensils and polish up the work a bit while Giella hasn't. If Anderson can't ink Batman by Kane, and there are many good reasons why he can't (although I think Schwartz could spare him for this task for a story or two a year), then my second choice for an inker would be Paris, because his style is suited for the job, or Greene, because of the polish in his work even though his inking isn't quite as suited to Kane's work. I am thoroughly convinced that Anderson should ink Batman covers as his covers are always well-executed, while some of Giella's covers are sloppily inked.

Another difference between today's Batman and the Batman of 20 years ago is the way the stories are written and the way they are laid out. Take most any Batman story today, say one by John Fox. If it is in Detective it is 15 or 16 pages long and if it's in Batman it's 12

pages long. Excluding the first page, there are 5 panels on most pages and either 4 or 6 on 3 or 4 pages. Usually there is a long caption over each panel (if Fox wrote the story, there are somewhat longer captions). If the action speeds up, like if there is a fight, the long captions are still there. An effort is made to make the story seem fairly realistic, and the story is serious through-out. More than likely, most of the story takes place in the day time. There isn't a lot of shading, and very little use is made of solid black. If the story were printed in just black and white, the pages would look pretty light. When the color work is done, wide use is made of light colors (i.e., light blue, pink, light green, etc.); dark or solid colors aren't used very often. The story is padded and stretched out 4 or 5 pages longer than it should be.

But now, lets take a story from 20 years ago. The story I've chosen is "The Merchants of Misery" in Detective #88, June, 1944. It is a story about a loan shark, an obese man by the name of "big-hearted John." The splash panel is symbolic; it shows "big-hearted John" sitting on a monstrouse pile of money. In the foreground are obviously poor people throwing more money on the pile; in the background are silhouettes of 2 thugs pistol whipping a man who can't pay any more. In a scroll about 1½ inches wide on the left side of the page is the introduction to the story: "'BIG-HEARTED JOHN,' HE CALLS HIMSELF, DOLING OUT DOLLARS TO THE POOR--BUT WHEN HE SENDS HIS UNDERWORLD HENCHMEN TO COLLECT HUNDRED-FOLD PAYMENT,...AND MAIM AND MURDER THOSE WHO PROTEST, IT APPEARS HE HAS NO HEART AT ALL! STRUGGLING FATHERS, DEFENSELESS WIDOWS, THE AGED AND INFIRM--THESE ARE SLAVES TO HIS GREED, CONDEMNED TO TOIL THEIR LIVES AWAY TO MAKE HIM RICHER...UNTIL THOSE MYSTERIOUS SILENT PARTNERS OF JUSTICE, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, PIT THEIR NIMBLE WITS AND MATCHLESS MUSCLES AGAINST THE TERROR OF— 'THE MERCHANTS OF MISERY!'" In those days, comics only had 52 pages so they couldn't afford to waste any space. The 13 page story begins on page 1 in a 2 inch square panel in the bottom right corner of the page. In the first 3 panels, bhJ orders a shopkeeper killed because he won't pay any more--a newspaper headline says SHOPKEEPER'S MURDER FOURTH THIS WEEK! A night watchman at a construction company needs money to pay for an operation for his daughter. A villainous looking character recommends bhJ. The man borrows $50, and his troubles begin. On page 4, when the Batman finds him being beaten by 3 thugs He intervenes and action (and puns) start coming fast and furious. IT'S THE BATMAN! (thud),(a man aims his gun) HERE'S WHERE THE BATMAN GETS THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL (Robin jumps up on a girder) THIS CALLS FOR ALTITUDE (then down) LOW BRIDGE! THANKS, ROBIN! (thug comes after Robin with a bludgeon) SPEAKING OF BRIDGE--DON'T YOU KNOW SPADES BEAT CLUBS? OOOFF!, I SEE DIAMONDS! ROBIN, YOU'RE A CARD! (Batman takes care of the last thug) WE'LL MAKE THIS A GRAND SLAM! HAVE A HEART! But my main concern isn't the story here. During the action scenes there are no panel captions and in the rest of the story they aren't used where they aren't needed or where they wouldn't add to the story. Most of the story takes place at night and liberal use is made of dark, solid colors, large areas of solid black, and silhouettes. Even in daylight scenes, dark, solid colors, blacks, and silhouettes are used to make the panels dark--and almost weird. Batman's costume is a darker blue-grey than nowadays. And Batman

is a big, burly, barrel-chested MAN, fearless, tough, smart, almost a superman. The villains reek with evil. In the drawings, exagerations are made occasionally to express pain, anger, fear. At times the artist is almost like a cameraman: going from a close-up to a distant shot and back to a close-up. The story is definitely not padded. If the same story were done today, it would probably be 24 pages long. On most pages, there are 8 panels, a couple have only 7. The story is action-packed and crammed with excitement. Yet the story is NOT crowded or cramped--there is plenty of room, and the larger panels are arranged so it looks like it just couldn't be done any other way, and there isn't any wasted space. The ending of the story isn't just so much wasted space as so often is the case today. On the last page of the story, the man is about to be hanged, by bhJ and company from one of the girders high up in the framework of a partially constructed building. The thugs intend to take the elevator down, and leave the man hanging. Batman cuts the rope from above while the thugs shoot at him. BhJ hits him; he falls and accidently knocks bhJ off the elevator--bhJ plunges to his death screaming, HELP! SAVE ME, SOMEBODY! I DON'T WANT TO DIE. The caption of the next panel: SO DEATH COMES TO ONE WHO EARNED IT RICHLY... PROVING A MORAL WE ALL KNOW TOO WELL... (Batman says), THE BIGGEST COLLECTION AGENCY THERE IS HAS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM! Batman returns money to bhJ's victims--those who were still alive. A newspaper headline reads, BATMAN ENDS CRIMINAL LOAN SHARK RACKET. The last panel shows Bruce (with arm in sling and pipe in mouth) and Dick staring into the fire in the fireplace: (Dick) BIG-HEARTED JOHN'S PALS WILL GET OUT OF PRISON IN TWENTY YEARS...DO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE LEARNED THEIR LESSON BY THEN? (Bruce) IT'S HARD TO SAY...IF THEY HAVEN'T, THEY'LL GO RIGHT BACK. THEY ALWAYS DO!

As a sign that improvement may be coming, Batman's editor Julius Schwartz has been quoted as saying that he agrees about there being excess captions and that in the future, we should be seeing less of them. As for more imaginative and more suitable layouts, there is no word yet but we can hope and maybe if we write and suggest something along those lines and suggest ways of improving the comic, perhaps the improvement will come. Suggesting or criticising specific points, I think, helps a lot more than just saying "I don't like it."

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

For those interested in EC artists, here are a few recent comics (excluding Marvel and Warren's magazines, which everyone knows about): Adventures Into the Unknown #160--Johnny Craig, a Super comic, Strange Planets #18--the first two stories appear to be done by Bernie Krigstein; Strange Planets #12--a 25 page plagiarism of Maza of the Moon is drawn by Wally Wood. An artist by the name of Sid Check may have helped Wood with this. Harvey's 3 Rocketeers #1 has 2 stories by Al Williamson (Reed Crandall probably drew at least part of The Little Earth); THUNDER Agents #1 has much art by Wood and Crandall; Reed Crandall also drew the last story in Twilight Zone #13 (this story seems to be plagiarized from Bradbury's Third Expediation in the Martian Chronicals); Classics Illustrated #1--George Evans, #4--excellent work by John Severin, #6--Joe Orlando

#130--Joe Orlando; #135--Graham Ingels; George Evans has done several others around 130 and 140; Crandall and Evans did # 18.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The Ballantine editions of The Hobbit and The Lord of the Rings trilogy (The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers, and The Return of the King) are out or will be by the time this issue of CHOKE is out. Buy them and read them. I've bought the Ballantine The Hobbit and The Fellowship of the Ring. They are very handsome looking books. The covers are delightful, enchanting while the ace edition of the Trilogy has a cheap, flashy look to it. Please do NOT buy the ace editions--they were pirated and published without the author's knowledge or consent. The Ballantine editions are authorized and there is new material in The Lord of the Rings. It is an investment you'll NEVER regret.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

CHOKE is a non-profit, amateur publication created by James K. Weston for distribution by CAPA-alpha (Comicdom's Amateur Press Alliance, number one). It is also distributed to friends, enemies, interested persons, persons mentioned within, or persons who trade for or pay for it. It may be purchased for 10¢ a copy or 5¢ and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, 2 issues for 15¢ or for trades. It is not copyrighted, however if you wish to reprint portions of it, I would like to be told of the fact BEFORE you do so and would also like a copy of the publication in which it is reprinted.

James K. Weston 4220 East-West Highway

University Park Hyattsville, Md. 20782

FOR TRADE: Showcase #13, Flash #105, 106, 107, 108, 111, 112, & 119 Showcase # 17-19, Mystery In Space # 53-54(F), 55-56(G-VG), 57, 58, 59-62(G-VG), 64(G-VG), 66(F-G) Justice League # 2 Strange Adventures #120, 144, 162, Showcase # 27 (Sea Devils) Above comics are in Very Good to Mint unless otherwise specified.

EC Comics WANTED, Special wants: Shock Illustrated #3, Confessions Illustrated # 1, 2, Impact # 5, Valor # 2, Weird Science #21, Tales from the Crypt # 31, Incredible Science Fiction # 32, 33, MAD #1-6, 11, 18, 21, many others, especially science fiction comics and annuals and Crime SuspenStories # 1-7, 9-11, 16, 19, 20, 26.

Other WANTED comics: Phantom Stranger #1 2 3 4 5 6, Strange Adventures # 102 108 110 111 128 133, Very Good to Mint copies only of Showcase # 8, 14, Flash #109, 110, 116, 117, 121, MIS #63,64 65 69, Flash Comics EXCEPT #55, 58, 60, 77, 78, 81-83, 87, 89, 95, 97, 98, 100-103. Especially # 96, 99, 104.

Owichaco Group Enterprises, 1965.

notes

This is not the 2nd--Additions and Corrections--edition of the SCHWARTZ Index. These are just a few corrections which I have found and others have pointed out.

The second volume may be out in 1967 and will contain much data not included in the first--information on Strange Adventures, Mystery In Space, and Strange Sports Stories (all stories), JSA characters's stories, artist and author cross-indexes, everything in the first volume brought up to date and completely re-done. There may even be a few surprises.

Corrections of errors or additions to the Index are underlined.

page 3:
Showcase #4--no cover feature; cover is symbolic

Flash #107
RETURN OF THE SUPER-GORILLA--art by Infantino & Giella

Flash #110
THE CHALLENGE OF THE WEATHER WIZARD--cover feature

page 4:
Flash #118
THE MID-NIGHT PERIL--art by Infantino & Giella

page 6:
Flash #143
TRAIL OF THE FALSE GREEN LANTERNS

page 7:
Flash #149
THE FLASH'S SENSATIONAL RISK (Kid Flash)

Flash #151
INVADER FROM THE DARK DIMENSION--cover feature

page 10:
Mystery In Space #82
WORLD WAR ON EARTH AND RANN--cover feature

page 12:
Green Lantern #20
PARASITE PLANET PERIL (co-stars Flash)

page 13:
Green Lantern #26
WORLD WITHIN THE POWER RING (Myrwhyden, 1st)

page 15:
Justice League #21--cover art by Sekowsky & Anderson

The SCHWARTZ Index notes #1a. Printed December, 1965 and distributed free to all recipients of the SCHWARTZ Index Volume 1. James K. Weston, 4220 East-West Highway, University Park, Hyattsville, Maryland ZIP 20782

page 17:
Flash--JLA #21-22, (29) ((original Flash))

page 27:

#56 Oct-Nov, 1964 cover: Baily
Editor: Kashdan
25 RAID OF THE MUTANT MARAUDERS Baily Haney
Flash & Martian Manhunter

* * * * *

This was going to be a one page sheet, but it looks like it is running over, so I'll add a few more notes that might be of interest to some of you.

You may have noticed that for several years John Broome wrote very few stories for the Schwartz-edited comics. It seems, however, that about the time the Index came out, he started doing more writing again. While not doing as much as he used to do in 1960 or 1961, he is doing much more than he was doing in 1962, 1963, or 1964. I'm glad of this because I like his writing. This is not to say I don't like Gardner Fox's writing, because I do like Fox. But I think that while Fox writes better Green Lantern stories, Broome writes better Batman and Flash stories.

Sid Greene is inking an Infantino-pencilled Batman story which should appear in the near future.

The Giant Batman (#176) was not edited by Julius Schwartz. The credit line was a mistake. As usual, Jack Schiff edited it. Schiff has done a good job on his past couple annuals, though.

Is there anyone in the audience out there who liked the Strange Adventures or Mystery In Space of old, as edited by Schwartz and who would like to see its return? I would, too, but I don't think we will. However there might be a chance of a Strange Adventures Annual edited by Schwartz if enough people wrote in asking for such a thing. So why don't you write to DC and ask for one?

There may be more SCHWARTZ Index notes from time to time, and there will probably be one a short time before the second volume comes out announcing the second volume. So, if you have changes of address, let me know.

For what may or may not be (I think it is) interesting commentary on the Schwartz-edited comics and other subjects, try a copy of CHOKE at 10¢ per copy or 2 for 15¢. Issues 2 & 3 available. This address.

I need to borrow the following for research: Strange Adventures #1, 3-22, 24-28. 30-58, 61-62, 64-79, 81-82, 87-88, 90, 95, 97, 98, 100, 102, 108, 110-111, 128, 133, Mystery In Space #2-25, 27, 29, 31, 32-33, 49, Phantom Stranger #1-6 (all issues). I might also like to buy some of these. I would be quite happy to pay postage and insurance both ways plus some small additional fee per comic. Write!

In HEAVY WATER #8, I began reprinting an old article of mine about the comic-book motion picture several members of Los Angeles science-fiction fandom tried to film, back in early 1963. I've already covered the general history of the project, and the basic script around which we were to be working. Here's some more about it, mostly suggestions for individual sequences or shots, and generally of a humorous nature, since this was supposed to be a slapstick-satire on the old costumed heroes. (Though certainly not "camp", as the new "Batman" television program is.)

- oOo - - oOo - - oOo -

We next have Jack Harness' notes:

SOME IDEAS FOR THE MOVIE

The way to work in all the extra Superheroes is to work them in in spots and sticks, as background. A member of the JSA runs down the street and passes by:

(1) BATMAN AND ROBIN FURIOUSLY PUMPING UP A FLAT TIRE ON THE BATMOBILE.
(Any blue car with tail fins and bat-head made of cardboard; if we can't get the costumes we can economize---someone's legs sticking out from under)

(2) CAPTAIN MARVEL WITH BIG BAG OF GROCERIES STAGGERING OUT OF A DELICATESSEN.
We then pan to big sign in window: Tremendous Sale on Big Red Cheese

(3) DOCTOR MIDNIGHT BUMPS INTO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, SPILLING HIS OVALTINE.
(Additional bits of business possible, like Doc saying, "I never touch the stuff---it puts me to sleep at night")

(4) L.A. SUBWAY TERMINAL BLDG: WORKMEN CARRY ONE OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS STATUES INTO IT.
(Statue can be cardboard cylinder, or paper wrapped around round core)

(5) MOVIE THEATRE SHOWING "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS" WITH POSTER OF SHAZAM'S CAVERN IN THE ADS.
[We had a possible contact to borrow a deserted theatre for this]

(6) WOOZY WINKS BOUNCES BIG BALL, PAINTED PLASTIC MAN COLORS.
(The crooks think some super nemesis is watching them, and as they go down the street, everything is painted Plastic Man ((via paper, cardboard, etc)). Plastic Man lamppost, mailbox, fireplug, etc)

(7) Tarzan beats his chest and swings through the trees on a vine. Sheena does a bump and swings through the trees on a vine. They bump together head on. Tarzan goes "XX&§!#%&!!! Woman driver!" Sheena "But I had the right of way!"

****

Heavy Water No 10

Written by Fred Patten, and published on the LASFS Rex Rotary, January 30, 1966.
Intended for CAPA-alpha, Seventeenth Mailing, February 1966.
Address: 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles, California, 90025. Phone: 213 GR 3-6321.

See you in Cleveland in September at the TriCon! Salamander Press no. 151.

(8) CAPTAIN MARVEL, HIS ARMS FOLDED, BEAMING. SUPERMAN IN FOREGROUND, JERKING HIS THUMB AT CAPT MARVEL, SAYING "It's his Holy-Molier-than-thou attitude I can't stand!"

Film it straight as a comic book, with cover, etc. All dialog and "meanwhile"s and such like as subtitles, and all drawn in speech balloons.

After the last part of Green Lantern's adventure, as we see the final speech balloon, at the bottom of the screen is "Story continued on 3rd page following" and we put on two pages of advertisements for Purple Cloverine Salve, etc. We might even go so far as to put on a backcover with a Captain Tootsie adventure on it.

Possible working title: THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA VERSUS THE TERRIFYING BUTTERFLY STAMPEDE. We could have, just before the downfall of each superhero, a plastic butterfly (the type that flaps its wings and flies, powered by a rubberband) going through the scene. We later find out that it is Mr. Mind, grown up.

****

That's Jack's suggestion. His various ideas got various receptions, mostly derogatory, though some of them show a fair bit of promise. (Plastic Man and the use of Captain Tootsie, in particular, I think.) If we'd used Capt. Marvel at all, we would've had to get the L.A. Subway Terminal in somewhere, just to croggle people. Most people know that Los Angeles has no subway system (or any kind of rapid transit at all), but they don't know that we do have a very dignified-looking subway terminal building in the heart of the downtown business district; the remains of a project that failed to build a subway, back in the 1920's. The half-mile of tunnel that was dug has been sealed off, and the building rented out to various offices, but the "subway terminal" inscription on the cornerstone is still perfectly visible.

Next we have some notes that Ted Johnstone scribbled at the Feb. 3 meeting at the home of the Trimbles. [Where we began seriously considering labor and costs and decided we couldn't swing the project.] I omit the ideas already covered in Jack's suggestions:

Batman -- closeup of goodie-loaded utility belt -- handy-dandy 40-blade pocket knife, etc.; "It was a gift for your president." -- line from "Day the Earth Stood Still".

"It's quiet tonight, Bruce" -- "Yes, too quiet" -- scene with heads showing over back of couch. [This was to be played to suggest homosexuality, in a manner to ridicule Dr. Wertham's accusations, though the new tv show seems to be going farther in that line than we'd ever intended.]

Call from Pentagon or scientist contacts JSA -- each member opens letter explaining problem -- takes off to tackle situation -- last letter reads "You have been invited to a shower." (Or come-as-you-are party, etc.)

For slides -- stop-action -- balloons superimposed on slides -- "BAM - POW", etc. Superimpose balloons using 2 films. [Another case where the "Batman" show has come up with the same gimmick.]

Borrow 2nd "Flash" costume [from Fred Norwood, a back-East fan] for zig-zag effect -- after 2 "Flashes" zig-zag around, the 2 collide (he was moving so fast he met himself coming back)

ALL-STAR COMICS -- #48 or 49, "Evil Star of Hollywood" -- villain wears huge star mask -- use?

****

The final selection here is made from a series of notes I jotted down myself during the planning of this movie. I also add in a few ideas that didn't seem to get written down by anyone else, but which were brought up during the planning of this movie:

Mix heroes and villains around. E.g.; the Joker, from Batman comics, is in the Flash's adventure; Harlequin, from Green Lantern, is in Hawkman's, etc. Ring in non-JSA villains, too. Dr. Sivana a must.

Main heroes are JSA; try to bring in at least one important non-JSA hero per adventure. These can be from any period of comics; in fact, a time-disparity might be all for the best. Musts: Captain Marvel, Plastic Man, Spider-Man.

A simpering Col. Steve Trevor to get in Wonder Woman's way all through her sequence.

Sequence where all heroes are trapped and kid assistants get them out. [This idea was unanimously voted down on the grounds that (a.) the old JSA didn't have that many kid assistants; the associate members would do just as well; (b.) it'd add too many more costumes to make; we had enough to keep us busy already; (c.) where would we get the kids to act as the ass't heroes?]

For the movie as a series of slides: in dialogue stills, use speech balloons rising from symbols of the heroes speaking. E.g.; Flash's winged helmet, WW's tiara or golden lasso, Green Lantern's lantern, Batman's batarang, Hawkman's bird mask, etc.

As one hero is just about to capture the villain in his sequence (before the tables are temporarily turned on him), Spider-Man comes swinging in to cut in on the reward. (Since Spidey always needs money to support Aunt May.) Spidey & our hero shake hands & can't get apart; closeup to show that sticky webbing from Spidey's hand web-gun is holding them together. Copy vaudeville routine of sticky handshake that Phil Silvers made famous in "Top Banana". While they're getting loose, villain escapes. Use this hero as the one who later rescues all others after they've been captured?

In headquarters, before leaving for individual sequences, JSA secretary WW writes out assignments on blackboard. "Flash in New York" "Dr. Mid-Nite in London" "Hawkman in Cairo" "Hourman in Havana" "Dr. Fate in Peking" [As I recall, this sequence was dreamed up mostly to get in the pun on "Our Man in Havana"; the movie with Alec Guinness and Ernie Kovacs was still prominent at this time.]

Climax in which whole JSA reunites to close in on gang/menace will show closeups of each hero with a belligerant attitude racing toward camera. Cut in shot of Mickey Mouse- or Goofy-disguised employee from Disneyland walking toward camera. This will be easy to get without bothering about formal permission (not easy to get for non-Disney commercial films on Disney property); as far as anyone will be able to tell, we're just shooting home movies (which are encouraged at D'land).

Woozy Winks walks on rapidly twirling red-white-black yoyo, or bouncing ball of same colors. Cut to Plastic Man standing next to Woozy, looking dazed & dizzy for an instant. (Yoyo or ball is gone from view, naturally.)

Superman as comic-relief deus ex machina, rather than as regular JSA member. In each sequence, just as hero is about to close with villain, Supe arrives with a "Stand back and let <u>me</u> handle it" line, but always overuses one of his powers so that he's the one who's put out of action, and the hero has to do the work anyway. List Supe's various powers & figure ways for each to backfire on him. Something different each time, of course. <u>Or</u>: knock Supe out by having him run into red kryptonite every time he's just about to go into action. RK is always in some improbable location, and does something laughable to Supe each time. Start off slow and build up to ever-increasingly ridiculous locations for

the RK (Capt. Marvel's uniform colored with RK dye?) and ridiculous things to happen to Supe. As he reappears in each following sequence, Supe's overconfidence gives way to grim determination to Do Well, & increasingly nervous expression of "What's going to go wrong this time?"

- oOo-- - oOo - - oOo -

That concludes the reprint of my article on the comic-book movie. At the time, I thought I'd gotten all the information & notes that had been produced on the movie, and incorporated them all into the article, However, after it appeared, Ted Johnstone protested that I'd left out the shooting script itself, which he'd half-completed (and not told anyone about). Ted subsequently published the script in one of his fanzines, and if he doesn't object, I'll reprint it here in HEAVY WATER soon to give you the rest of what information there is on our great comic-book movie that died aborning.

Well, the new "Batman" television show has been released, and I'm both glad and disappointed. Glad because it's an excellent technical job; the color is brilliant, the gimmicks are impressive, and the actors look like the costumed heroes and villains they're supposed to portray (something that can't be said for most of the serials and television programs of the past). Disappointed because it's all being played on such a level of "camp" that there's not much more meat to it than there is in the average insipid situation comedy.

As announced, the program is being done on two levels — as straight comic-book adventure for the younger children; and as "camp" humor for the sophisticates, so bad that it's worth watching because it's funny. Unfortunately, it's concentrating on being bad, and funny, with the result that there's virtually no action to it at all. "Bad" is apparently also being equated with "stupid", because everyone on the show is playing his role as though his character is almost totally lacking in brains, except for the villains, who I predict are the ones who will end up carrying the show. (In fact, I know of at least a couple of people who started out with the intention of watching every episode, but are now only catching the Wednesday night installment to see what the new villain looks like.) I think the height in idiocy came with the show's second program, in which everyone is wondering whether the Penguin has established a hideout in Gotham City, and Commissioner Gordon states that he apparently hasn't, because there's no record of a new umbrella factory (the supposed hideout) being licensed under the Penguin's name! And everyone is very glum, until Robin suggests that maybe he used a phoney name, and everyone acts as though Robin's just proved himself ten times smarter than Einstein by this brilliant deduction. Any regular comic book that tried operating on this level of stupidity probably wouldn't last very long. (Although Weisinger shows signs of being willing to try it out with Superman.) The tv program, though, has been successfully plugged as a "must" show for the In groups, and I imagine there'll be enough of the mass-sophisticates to carry it to a secure rating. The show does have a lot of good points, and I expect to enjoy watching it, though I won't be able to help cringing whenever an obvious stupidity is forced into the plot, for the purpose of spotlighting how "campy" Bad it all is.

And you've noticed that the show has definite signs of homosexuality? There may not have ever been any in the comic book, but Dr. Wertham started a Legend, like George Washington chopping down the cherry tree, so everybody who's "In" now knows about all the Hidden Meanings in BATMAN, and the producers just naturally have to make sure that these Hidden Meanings will be observable to anyone looking for them on the tv show. My candidate for the worst scene to date is the one at the close of the first Wednesday's show, when the Riddler has kidnapped Robin, and Batman is sobbing in helpless frustration, "Robin! They've taken my Robin from me!"...

I have a fair bit more to say about the "Batman" show, and the new Captain Marvel, but, unfortunately, no more space or time at present. I'll be interested in reading your comments on these two items.

the california

PELICAN

THE FAR-OUT ISSUE!!

NOVEMBER 1965 - 30 CENTS

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF CONTEMPORARY POP ART

or

HEY, HERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF STUFF ABOUT COMIC BOOKS!

by "Jolly Bob" Wieder

MARVEL COMICS GROUP 25¢
SENSATIONAL!
THE WEDDING OF SUE AND REED!
FEATURING!
THE WORLD'S MOST COLOSSAL COLLECTION OF COSTUMED CHARACTERS, GRATILY CAVORTING AND CAPERING IN CONTINUAL COMBAT!
THIS IS THE BIG ONE!

shape, length, or size he feels like. How would you like to be *his* blushing young bride, eh girls? And if *that* isn't suggestive enough, don't forget that Sue still has that bloody force field. Any time Mr. Fantastic starts getting cute, or she feels like calling it a day, she just cuts on that invisible shield and "FORP"—he's right back out in left field. Even worse, what if she *really* cools it and makes herself invisible. Here's the wedding night, and all of a sudden we hear Mr. Fantastic saying, "Goddammit Sue, I *know* you're down there . . . turn that damn thing *off*!!" Let's face it—the *Fantastic Four* isn't a comic book, it's a Kinsey Report.

HE'S DIFFERENT! A GIRL COULD GO FOR HIM! HE DOESN'T BURST INTO FLAME AT THE DROP OF A HAT...
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? STOP BEING THE HUMAN TORCH?! OF ALL THE AGGRAVATING, NUTTY, IRRITATING FEMALES I KNOW...!

Super-hero's woman troubles: When the TORCH gets the hots for a girl, she knows it.

Still another example is that of *Giant Man* and the *Wasp*. Giant Man is this biochemist (Henry Pym), who devised a cybernetic helmet that he uses to change his size just by concentrating. He can grow as small as an ant, or as large as 100 feet tall. Janet Van Dyne, along with being Henry's girl friend, is also the Wasp. About six months ago, Giant Man and the Wasp quit comics altogether, supposedly to get married. At least, no one has heard of them since.

So think *this* over: here is an ordinary, sweet young girl who is married to this clown who can change his size just by concentration. Now marital bliss is a good thing, ordinarily, but what if Henry gets carried away on the connubial couch and lets his mind wander? Either Janet gets the shock of her life, or, if Hank's mind motates in the *other* direction, he is never heard of again. This is, of course, hard core pornography at its finest. (And what kind of deviate would wear a cybernetic helmet to bed in the first place? Again, this isn't a comic book—it's a handbook for the Sexual Freedom League.)

THIRD, no *clear* evidence of homosexuality is found in the pages of Marvel, but one only has to take a good long look at *Thor*, the Norse God of Thunder with those tight pants and that cape and that long blonde hair, to know that *something* is rotten in Norway.

We could go on forever with such suggestive examples (and indeed we tend to get great pleasure from doing just that), but the above illustrations have surely made our point.

FOURTH, the Marvel super-heroes are *cool*. Really, these characters are swingers! Take the "Beast", for example. He's one of the *X-Men*, and he really *is* a Beast. He *looks* like a Beast. He *moves* like a Beast. He *smells*

BUT, CYCLOPS' FRANTIC WARNING COMES TOO LATE FOR ALL SAVE THE BEAST!
ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU HAVE A DORMANT, DEEP-ROOTED HOSTILITY COMPLEX?
8

The BEAST cracks wise, later gets his block knocked off.

like a Beast. But he *thinks* like a Cal student. That is, he's a complete cynic. Whenever he gets into a tight spot, he starts to wisecrack at his enemy. This usually causes said enemy to bust up laughing, and the Beast blasts hell out of him. The Beast is the Lenny Bruce of comic books. The same goes for *Daredevil* and *Spider-Man*. In general, the Marvel characters just don't take this super-hero business seriously—usually, the fate of the world rests in their hands, and usually, they couldn't give less of a damn. If they went to Cal, they would make perfect T.A.'s.

FIFTH, and by far the *real*-est thing about the Marvel characters, is their lack of skill. Let's face it, if *you* had

BUT THEN...
UH-OH! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY PUT TOO MUCH STRETCH IN THESE STRETCH-FABRICS! I'M STARTING TO COME APART!
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING THE ONLY SUPER-HERO IN TOWN WHO'S NUTTY ENOUGH TO RUN AROUND IN A SECOND-HAND COSTUME!

During the past couple of years, there has arisen at Berkeley (and other great centers of intelligentsia), a new and overwhelming craze: the Comic Book. But not just any old comic book. Ah no, none of these fiuky *Batman* and *Little Lulu* rags for the true intellectual. It seems that seekers of wisdom and truth will accept nothing less than MARVEL COMICS—the *Playboy* of comicdom. Ordered in great quantity by only three bookstores in the Berkeley area, Marvel mags sell faster than Unguentine in a leper colony. They are viciously sought out, purchased, stolen, and hoarded by a rapidly growing number of students and non-students who have found Marvel to be the first real revolution in literature since the foldout nude. There are at least five chapters of the official Marvel fan club here at Cal, (the Merry Marvel Marching Society), and about two hundred other isolated members.

"Why," you may ask, "have Marvel Comics become such a huge Thing in so short a time. Why are Sartre, Camus, Marx, and Dostoevsky being crowded off intellectual bookshelves to make way for *Spider-Man* and the *Hulk*?"

The answer is simple—because they are REAL. Honest to God, Marvel super-heroes are for *real*. They are the kind of super-heroes *you* would be if *you* were a super-hero. They're horny. They fight dirty. They fight for money. They're all screwed up. They are honest-to-God real, nasty, lousy, cheaty people with super powers. For instance:

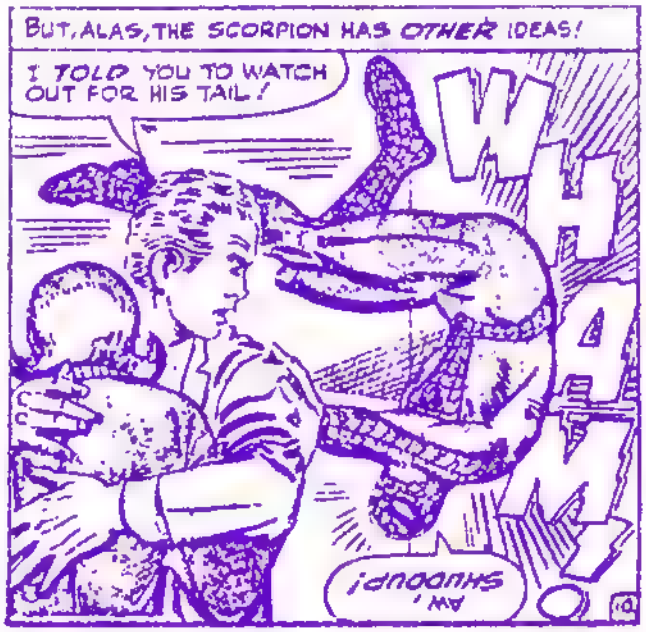
FIRST—they're dirty. Seriously, the Marvel super-heroes are obscene as hell. Oh, they don't use plain old *cuss* words, like "hell" and "damn" and "poop-head" to get their point across. Marvel characters are *far* more subtle than *that*.

YOU LITTLE FAKER! YOU KNOW I LOST MY HEART TO YOU MONTHS AGO... YOU JUST WANT TO HEAR ME KEEP REPEATING IT!
AND WHAT GIRL WOULDN'T, PRAY TELL?!!
NEVERTHELESS, WE HAVE OTHER MATTERS TO ATTEND TO FIRST! THE FIRST THING I MUST DO IS ADJUST MY CYBERNETIC HELMET SO THAT I'LL AUTOMATICALLY REACH A 35 FOOT HEIGHT WHENEVER I WILL MYSELF TO GROW! SO, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT!..!

GIANT MAN gives typical pornographic gesture to the WASP.

Take the *X-Men* for example. These are five teen-aged mutants who roam around the world beating up other, nastier mutants, and generally raising lots of good clean teen-aged hell. Think of the Hell's Angels with congenital defects, and you've got the *X-Men*. Their leader is also a mutant—a completely bald mindreader named Professor X. (Just picture a telepathic Arleigh Williams.)

Now here's the story: "Cyclops" (so named because his eyes are twin laser beams), and the "Angel" (so named because he has wings), both have it on big for "Marvel Girl" (power of telekenisis and levitation—that's "mind over matter" for you engineers out there). But, being public figures, they cannot expose their lust for her, nor can she expose her overwhelming desire for Cyclops. So they just run around thinking these passionate, pornographic thought balloons about each other. Now remember, Professor X's power is that he can read any mind in the world. So here are Cyclops, the Angel, and Marvel Girl thinking this hoarde of passion-filled, lustful thoughts about one another, while that filthy old bastard of a Professor X is wire-tapping all their mental orgasms and getting his vicarious jollies in that wheelchair of his. (He's paralyzed, by the way, and it's obviously a damn good thing, too.) If this isn't a case of voyeurism of the first water, we don't know what is.



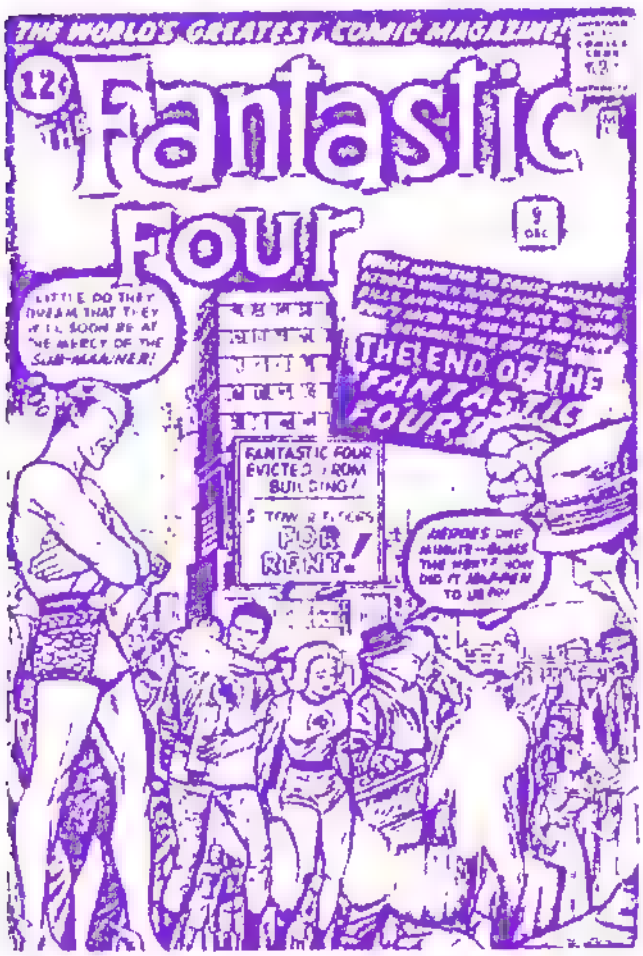
Examples of super-hero homosexuality: against better advice, "Spidey" goes after some tail.

SECOND, they practice unnatural love. An example here is the *Fantastic Four*. "Mr. Fantastic" is a kind of up-to-date "Plastic Man" who can change his body into any shape he feels like. The "Thing" is this huge, orange, scaly monster with amazing strength who gets his chuckles from going around kicking the crap out of people. The "Human Torch" can burst into flame and fly around raising hell, just by yelling, "Flame On!" (which makes sense). Finally, there's Sue Storm (the Human Torch's sister) who has a force field that she can either throw around herself and become impervious to harm, or throw around herself *real tight*, and become invisible.

Well, for months now, Mr. Fantastic and Sue Storm have had the raving hots for each other. Seriously, they have been cutting out from the Torch and the Thing and hopping off into the bushes in more than *one* issue. And the things they've been doing!! Boy, if the Torch ever found out what Mr. Fantastic had in mind for his sister, he'd give old stretch-pants a dose of that flame he'd never forget.

Anyway, Mr. Fantastic and Sue Storm finally got married in the *Fantastic Four Annual* this summer. So here's the scene: you've got timid little Sue Storm married to this guy who can stretch any part of his body into any

a bunch of super powers, you would *still* probably screw up half the time. The same goes for the Marvel Men. Take *Daredevil* for instance. "D.D." is this cat who got hit by a radioactive milk truck when he was a kid. The accident left him blind, but gave him a kind of radar sense, like a built-in DEW line. (He prefers to fight in the dark, naturally.) Now Marvel bills him as "The Man Without Fear", which is the truth—Daredevil is absolutely fearless. The only problem is that he's lousy. Every month this poor wimp goes up against the world's most deadly super-villains, and every month he gets the living sh t kicked out of him at least once. He's *fearless*, alright, but it's *killing* him. Every issue, month after month, there's Daredevil, laying on the ground all torn and wiped out, mumbling, "I'm fearless, I'm fearless." Big deal!—so he's fearless- he hasn't won a battle yet. He would have made a perfect leader for the VDC March


THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC MAGAZINE!
12¢
the Fantastic Four
9 DEC
LITTLE DO THEY DREAM THAT THEY WILL SOON BE AT THE MERCY OF THE SUB-MARINER!
THE END OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR!
FANTASTIC FOUR EVICTED FROM BUILDING!
5 TOWN & FLOORS FOR RENT!
WHOOPS! ONE MINUTE—DARES THE NAME? HOW DID IT HAPPEN TO US?

Repeated orgies force the eviction of the F.F.

The same goes for *Spider-Man*. Every issue he gets clobbered out of existence by some bad guy, but he keeps coming back. He's the super-hero's Edward Strong.

Then there's the *Avengers* (Giant Man, the Wasp, Iron Man, Captain America, and Thor). In one issue, when the Avengers were fighting the United States (we won), the Wasp managed to blunder into the line of fire and got shot. If it wasn't for some Swedish surgeon, she would have croaked. About two issues later, the evil "Human Top" almost finished off her and Giant Man. Obviously, this super-hero business was getting a little too tight, so G-Man and the Wasp quietly said the hell with it and quit comics completely. No doubt about it, the Marvel super-heroes are in pretty crumby shape.

HAVE A CARE, HAWKEYE! IF CAPTAIN AMERICA'S LEADERSHIP IS TO BE CHALLENGED, PERHAPS SOMEONE MORE CAPABLE THAN YOU SHOULD DO IT!
IF YOU'RE REFERRIN' TO YOURSELF, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! TAKE AWAY YOUR CRUMMY SPEED, AND WHAT HAVE YA GOT?
I WON'T TRY TO STOP THEM--YET! IT'S TIME THEY HAD A CHANCE TO UNCORK THEIR FRUSTRATIONS AND HOSTILITIES!

The AVENGERS have about as much unity as the G.O.P.

SIXTH, they are always breaking up. The Thing has been trying to get out of the Fantastic Four for the last two years. In March, Mr. Fantastic finally tucked him off good, and the Thing turned around and beat the pants off him. None of the Marvel super-heroes really like each other very much. The Avengers have broken up at least six times, and three times they broke up for good. (By the way, what the hell are they avenging, anyway?) Last spring, Iron Man, Thor, Giant Man and the Wasp got fed up with the whole Avengers affair and left Captain America all alone to hold down the fort. So that dumb slob sat there for three issues with his thumb in his tail before he finally hired three ex-villains to take over. Now *these* four *really* hate each other. The Avengers have more trouble staying together than Northside fraternities, and about as much stability as the Chancellor's Office.

SEVENTH, if you're still not convinced that these characters are real, then just ask yourself this question; "If I had super-powers, what would I do with them? Go out and fight deadly dangerous enemies in the name of justice and freedom and law and order?" Hell no, you wouldn't. You'd go make yourself a fast buck. And that's what the Marvel heroes do.

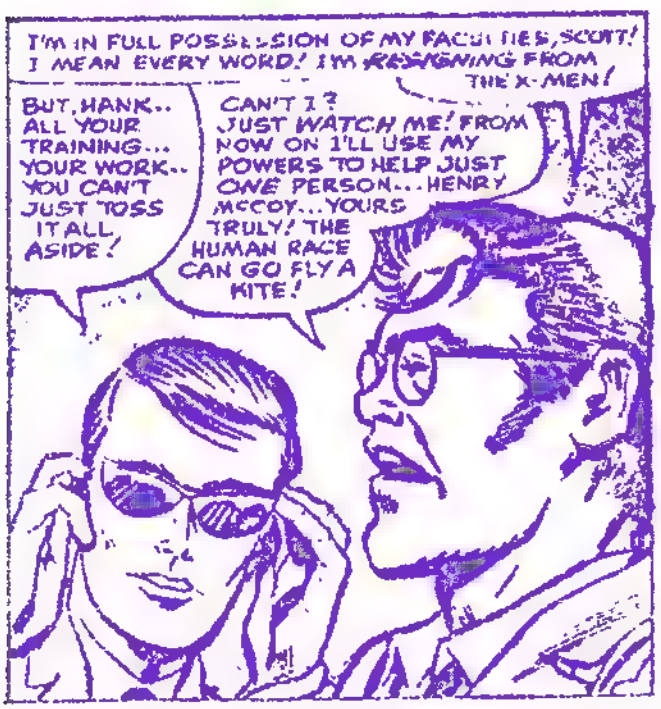
Take Spider-Man. Here's this punk high school kid who let himself get bitten by a radioactive spider. Now he had all these fantastic super-powers, and what's the first thing he did? Right—he went on television for five thousand bucks. The only hangup was that he couldn't cash the check. Really, how could he prove to the bank that he was the real Spider-Man. What's he gonna show them, a reg card reading, "Man, Spider-"? In a pig's eye. So the bank won't cash this check, and he decides to go out and fight crooks. Why?? So he can take pictures of his own battles and sell them, for a fat fee, to New York's biggest newspaper. Let's face it, what good are super-powers if you can't make any bread with them. Spidey's got the right idea.

The Fantastic Four have been broke since 1962. The only way they could pay their rent was by making a movie. Again, what good are super-powers if you can't show them off in technicolor for 30% of the gross. "Captain America" makes *his* cash as a sparring partner for the heavyweight champ. "Quicksilver," "Hawkeye," and the "Scarlet Witch" earn *their* dough in a circus. "Iron Man" is a test pilot for the Army. This "super-hero" slop is okay for laughs, but

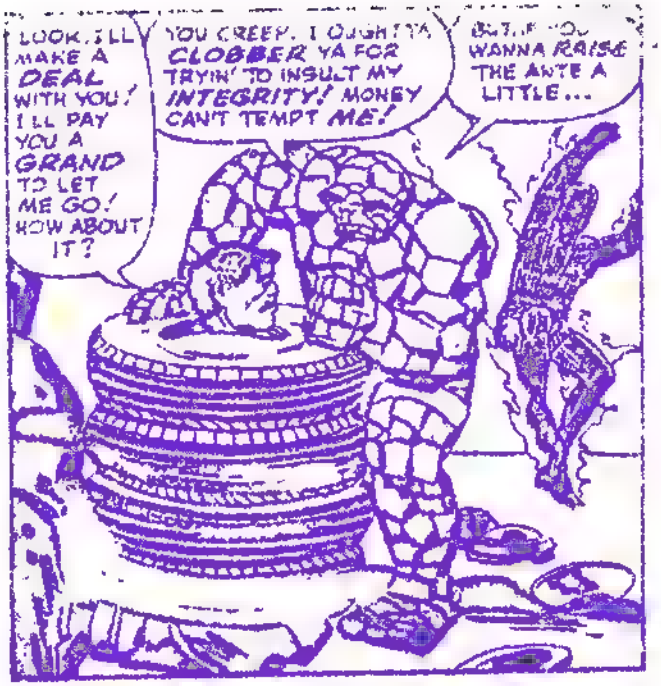
...and justice" jazz -- anti-crime doesn't pay, either.

EIGHTH, the super heroes don't really *like* people. When you're trying to earn a living knocking off villains, people can be a real bug, you know? They get in the way. The Avengers took on the whole United States once when the Cabinet pissed them off. And half of the Marvel super-heroes started out as crooks in the first place. For example, the *Hulk* isn't too damn concerned *which* side he's on, as long as he gets somebody to bash around. He's been having it out with the Army for the last two years, and the Army is losing. The VDC canonized him as a Saint in October

I'M THROUGH RISKING MY LIFE FOR HUMANS...FOR THE SAME HUMANS WHO FEAR US, HATE US, WANT TO DESTROY US! I THINK MAGNETO AND HIS EVIL MUTANTS ARE RIGHT... HOMO SAPIENS JUST AREN'T WORTH IT!
YOU'RE TIRED, HANK.. ALL UPSET OVER WHAT HAPPENED! YOU DON'T MEAN WHAT YOU SAY!


I'M IN FULL POSSESSION OF MY FACULTIES, SCOTT! I MEAN EVERY WORD! I'M RESIGNING FROM THE X-MEN!
BUT, HANK.. ALL YOUR TRAINING... YOUR WORK.. YOU CAN'T JUST TOSS IT ALL ASIDE!
CAN'T I? JUST WATCH ME! FROM NOW ON I'LL USE MY POWERS TO HELP JUST ONE PERSON... HENRY McCOY... YOURS TRULY! THE HUMAN RACE CAN GO FLY A KITE!

The X-MEN bust up for the twentieth time. The BEAST has the same outlook as the Dean's Office.


LOOK, I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU! I'LL PAY YOU A GRAND TO LET ME GO! HOW ABOUT IT?
YOU CREEP. I OUGHTTA CLOBBER YA FOR TRYIN' TO INSULT MY INTEGRITY! MONEY CAN'T TEMPT ME!
BUT IF YOU WANNA RAISE THE ANTE A LITTLE...

The THING's integrity: only matched by that of the Inter-Fraternity Council.

NINTH, people don't like the *super-heroes* very much *Everybody* hates Spider-Man, because he's such a wise mouth. The Avengers have been run out of town twice in the last six months. And half the country hates the X-Men, because they're mutants. No kidding, every time they swing into town to fight some awesome villain, everybody comes after them yelling, "Go home freaks!" Face it, people would rather have to put up with the villains than with the X-Men. And Iron Man is such a colossal pr-ck that in the last issue H.U.A.C. subpoenaed him to find out his true identity.

IN ESSENCE, the Marvel characters are real because they are generally all screwed up. Spider-Man has lost a couple of battles because his pants fell down. Iron Man rusts up solid in half his fights and ends up getting creamed. Thor has gotten tubed at least three times because he was making it with this nurse when he should have been looking over his shoulder. Hawkeye keeps breaking his damned arrows. By and large, the Marvel super-heroes have all the finesse of a turnip.

BASICALLY, the reason for Marvel's huge success and their emergence as a mammoth craze is simple—the Marvel super-heroes are the kind of conceited, nasty, underhanded, screwed up bums that you would be if you were a super-hero. They are the first breed of super-characters that college students can really identify with. That is, deep down, they are really rotten.

(With very deep and sincere thanks to Smilin' Stan Lee- writer and editor--and all the rest of the great *Marvel* Bullpen Gang, for their aid, assistance, and fantastic tolerance during the production of this pack of lies . . . to say nothing of our gratitude for many hours of great entertainment.)

William Harris

135 Central Boulevard Oakdale, N.J.

January 22,1966

Jerry Bails:

After almost a year away from fandom, I'm not sure if you're still the right one help me keep everyone informed about what's happening. If you're not, I'm sure you know who is!

By now you must have heard that King Features will begin publishing a line of comic book titles in June. There will be six books in the package, all of which will be issued on a bi-monthly basis.

The first three, on sale in June, will be Popeye, Beetle Bailey and Flash Gordon. Each of these will be more or less carbon copies of the books already published for these characters. Bud Sagendorf is handling Popeye, Mort Walker will continue to work with Bob Gustafson on Beetle Bailey and Joe Musial and Paul Fung will do Blondie.

In July, The Phantom will reappear under a new label, joined by Lee Falk and Wilson Gordon. Bill Lignante will draw The Phantom as before. He will use original stories in the new version and several writers are now submitting story ideas. The artist for Mandrake hasn't been determined yet, but the new style will be very close to Fred Fredericks' work on the strip. Lignante, it is said, will also adjust his own art style to conform a little more closely with Lee Falk's newspaper version. Writing for Mandrake will also be done by a pool of writers, but both Mandrake and The Phantom will be handled mostly by Falk himself. Flash Gordon will be done by Al Williamson, who will also write the first issue. When I last talked with him, he expected to work with Wally Wood as well. And Wally Wood's name has also entered the picture.

Currently, things are still a little up in the air as we follow the first issues. I'll edit the series, while still holding down my job at the Times. It's already proving to be a killing pace and I've only got the first week out of the way.

My reason for writing to you was, of course, to let you know what's going on. Because I think it's good news for Fandom. But also because I don't want to be inundated with letters after the first issues appear. I want to do letter pages in the three adventure titles. Naturally, we can't do them in the first issue or two with any degree of honesty. But I want to correct my lacks and be sure of having enough mail to work with when letter pages do become believable.

Hopefully, this thing will grow after the first couple of months and we'll

begin doing books on other King Features properties. At the moment, I can't think of any that might lend themselves to good comic books, but they own such things as Big Ben Bolt, Brick Bradford, Buzz Sawyer, The Heart of Juliet Jones, Johnny Hazard, Prince Valiant and others. We might also experiment with some of the hundredsof properties King considers as possible strips every year.

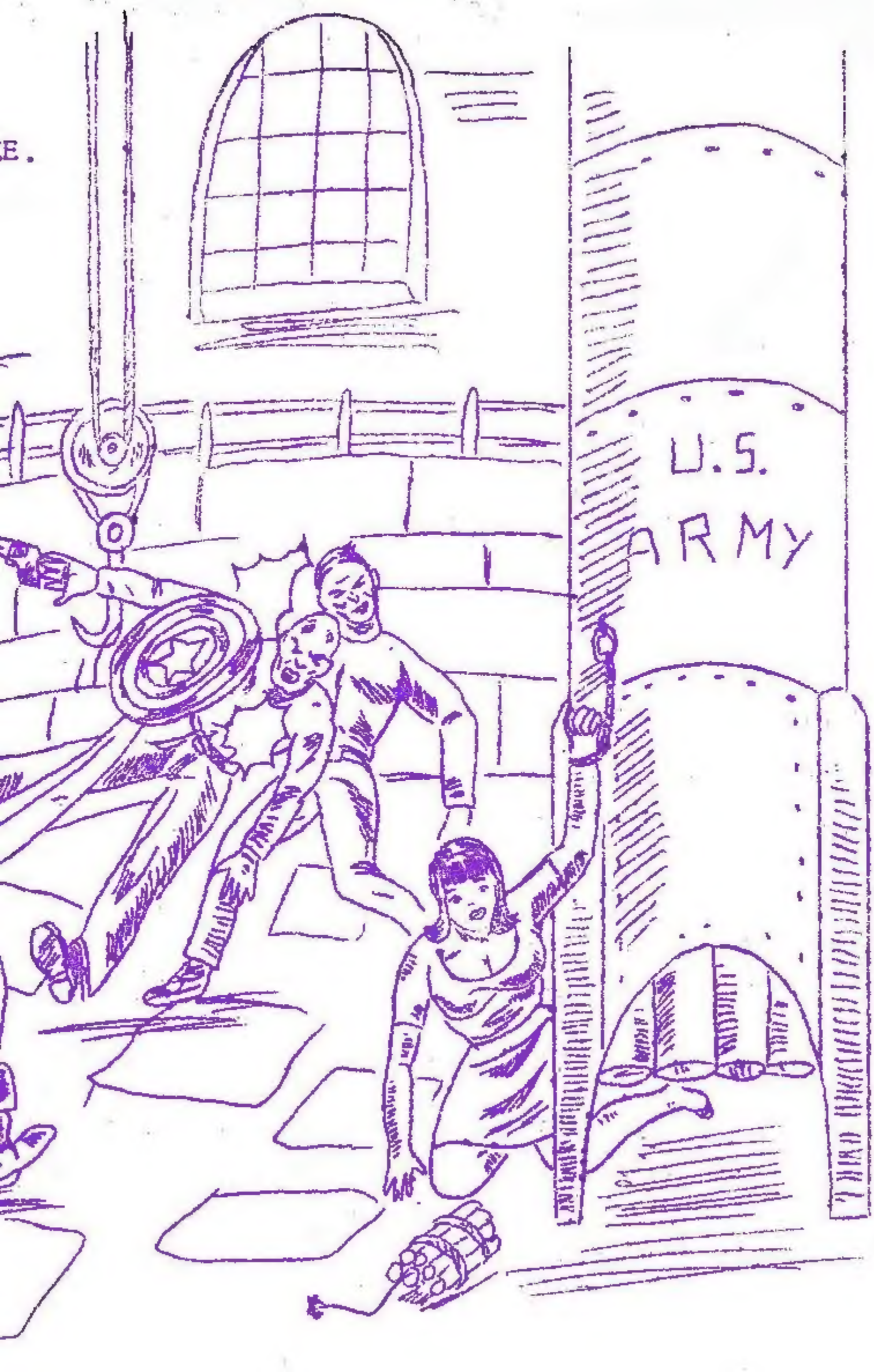
Anyway, there will be a new comic book publisher to worry about this summer. But I don't think fandom has anything to worry about. Let me hear from you!

Cordially yours,

Bill Harry

Bill Harr

EXPLAIN THIS SCENE AND
WIN A MARVELOUS NO PRIZ


U.S.
ARMY

K-G
FLY-MAN
REVIVAL?
J.y 65